

Charlie and Uncle Joe - Part 2

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Tensions build... will they or won't they?

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I didn't see Uncle Joe again until the night of the party. He was lying low I guess, not even hanging out by the pool. I was kind of disappointed, but understood why he was doing it. I should have been doing the same, not constantly hoping to catch a glimpse of him or accidentally run into him. But as it was, our paths didn't cross until the party was nearly over.

The evening was well underway. There were about fifty people, all family and very close friends of Daddy's in attendance. The backyard had been transformed into something soft and intimate with tiki torches and round lanterns hung about the place. A stringed quartet was playing under the gazebo and a marquis had been set up with tables and chairs. Dinner had been a formal affair and speeches ensued thereafter, long and boring.

Now though the atmosphere was relaxed and wait-staff slipped between the crowd, wine, champagne and spirits freely flowing. Daddy was standing at the centre of a crowd basking in all the attention. Mum had really gone all out on this one figuring you only turned fifty once.

I had managed to dodge TJ for most of the evening. But Uncle Joe had managed to dodge me too. I'd spotted him once at the start of the evening, sitting at a far table and hadn't seen him since. So I was feeling kind of, not neglected, but kind of disappointed and lonely as I stood leaning against the railing of the gazebo listening to the quartet play soft chamber music. I was lost in my head, daydreaming about nothing in particular and just enjoying the music, when I felt pudgy fingers pinch my elbow hard, making me jump.

I yanked my elbow away and cried out angrily. "Ow!"

"*Hey Cuuuz.*" TJ drawled thinking my pain was amusing.

I just barely stopped the all out sneer my face wanted to jerk into, seeing that TJ had finally cornered me. I suppose I could have just turned and walked away, but mum had told me to be on my best behaviour tonight, and to be nice to TJ. Yeah right, like that was ever gonna happen. Still, I behaved

and tried not to cause a scene. I looked at my cousin and I didn't quite manage to stop my lip from curling back as I said his name. "*Terrance*."

I watched him scowl. He hated being called that, much preferring his acronym, thinking that is set him apart from his dad. However, TJ was the spitting image of his father, fat, sweaty, with squinty little eyes that were always leering and made my skin crawl.

"What ya doing?" He wheedled, trying to make small talk.

I wasn't in the mood to be gracious and so my answers were somewhat clipped. "Nothing."

"Did you hear I got a new car for being in the top five percent in my class this year?"

"Good for you." I replied not really interested. I was trying my hardest not to give him an opening so he'd lose interest and bugger off.

"You should come over one time and I'll, ah... take you for a ride." His smile was leering.

Was it just me or was he making innuendo's? "*Ahhhh*... I think not." I said dismissively, the thought abhorrent to me.

"Geez *Charlotte* why've you gotta be such a bitch?" TJ insulted using *my* full name as pay back.

"I don't know *Terrance*, why've you gotta be such a dick?" I countered.

TJ reached forward faster than I thought he could move and before I could react, pinched me hard on the elbow again. "Ow!" I cried jerking away once more. "Touch me again *Terrance*...!" I warned.

TJ laughed and rolled his lip back in a sneer. "And what?" He said; his voice mocking and mean.

"And they'll never find the body." Uncle Joe's low, angry voice sounded from behind him.

TJ spun around and instantly his demeanour changed to one of solicitation. "Uncle Joe! Hi, I didn't see you there."

"No you didn't. But I saw you. And if I catch you anywhere near Charlie again I'll break your fucking fingers. Now piss off." TJ blanched and didn't wait to be told twice. He quickly hobbled away, his fat body wobbling as he went. TJ was a bully; it was all right when he had the upper hand over someone smaller than him. But as soon as he was faced with someone bigger and tougher, well like all bullies

he was a chicken at heart!

“Thanks.” I said once TJ was out of ear shot, rubbing my arm, trying not to stare at Uncle Joe.

Joe was still staring after TJ, his demeanour tense. “Little asshole.” He growled before turning his attention back to me. He reached over and ran his hand down my arm, his thumb rubbing against the area TJ had pinched. “Are you okay?”

I nodded silently. I glanced down at my hands and picked nervously at the quicks. “Yeah I’m good.” I said and then shivered as fire burned across my skin where Uncle Joe touched me.

He let go of my arm. “Does that happen often?” He asked staring hard at me. It took me a moment to realise he was referring to what had taken place between me and TJ and not the way my body was reacting to his touch. He glanced towards the way TJ had taken off and then back to me.

I shrugged, “Only when he can’t get the better of me.”

I saw Uncle Joe’s jaw clench tight. “I should go kick his ass the little punk. Teach him some fucking manners.”

I huffed through my nose. “I doubt whether the lesson would stick.” Uncle Joe just looked at me some more. I could tell from his body language that he was really pissed off. The last thing he needed was an incident, hell the last thing I needed was an incident, so I thought I’d better try to calm him down. I gave him a half smile and shrugged again trying to ease the tension. “While an ass whoopin’ always sounds like a good idea, he’s not really worth the aggravation, Uncle. But thank you. I probably would have ended up with a few more bruises on my arm if you hadn’t come along. Besides I think you scared the shit out of him and I doubt he’ll leave his mommy’s side for the rest of the night.” I took a half step closer to him and turned, leaning back against the balustrade that was between us. I tried to focus my attention on the musicians but glanced sideways at him.

Joe stepped forward and leaned his elbows on the top of the railing, his shoulder just barely touching me, his elbow near mine. He held his drink between his hands, rolling the glass in his palms. I glanced at him furtively and saw a smile on his lips as he watched the musicians too. “You’re probably right.” He said and then added as an afterthought. “Now see, if I’d been allowed to have a smoke this afternoon, I’d be all peace, love and mung beans right about now. Not ready to tear some little jerk’s head off his shoulders.” He half joked; glancing back the way TJ had gone.

I gave him a half smile. “Well I’m glad you didn’t break your promise. Otherwise you’d be trying to stop me from doing the same to him, or maybe dragging his drowned carcass out of the pool.” I told

him looking over at the pool.

At that he chuckled and nudged me with his elbow. "With that much body fat he'd be excessively buoyant. He'd keep popping to the surface like a cork."

I couldn't stop the giggle. I glanced sideways again and gave him a wicked smirk. "Not if I were standing on his neck..."

Uncle Joe merely shook his head at me. "Why do I believe you when you say that?"

"Why wouldn't you? I'm a believable kind of girl. Besides, TJ would look good with a boot mark on the back of his neck." I half joked. I was so nervous I didn't know what I was saying. I could feel little tremors of excitement flashing through my stomach, churning it up so badly I felt like I might be sick.

He chuckled again. "You may be right." He said; then still looking ahead, added in such a low voice I thought I was hearing things. "You look beautiful tonight, Charlie Bird."

I blushed with pleasure at the compliment. I was wearing a pale lilac, silk and chiffon baby doll dress that was tailored to fall 'A' line from the waist to just above my knees. It had a gathered bodice and spaghetti strings, and I had on little strappy sandal heels.

"Thanks." I said with a smile only half looking at him. "You clean up nice too."

And he so did. I think it was the first time I had ever seen him in a suit. Well 'half' a suit. He was wearing tailored dress pants that were snug and emphasized how great his legs and butt were... and showed off the bulge *really* well too. A tailored white shirt cut in to accentuate his 'V' line, from broad shoulders to trim stomach and waist and it contrasted nicely against his tan skin. He also wore a pale blue tie, done in a double Windsor that sliced down the centre and broke up the assembly of clothes quite nicely.

His hair was still scraggly, but artfully so, looking clean and shiny. He was freshly shaven, his sharp features sleek and polished. I'd never seen him looking so clean cut, so *yum!* And oh god he smelled like heaven, in a half suit. A subtle spicy cologne wafted delicately from him driving my senses wild. It smelled like sea salt and sex and God it was maddening. I wanted to turn around, mash my lips against his and shove my tongue down his throat. But I knew I couldn't... more I knew I shouldn't.

As much as I wanted it too; it was never going to happen.

I swallowed; my throat suddenly dry, my heart beating fast. I'd never really seen him dressed in

anything other than painfully casual attire, and hence I had never really seen him as a part of the family because he went against the grain so very much. But tonight, well tonight that all changed, for the first time ever, my Uncle Joe, looked like he *belonged* in the Gregory family, and sweet mother if that didn't make me want him more.

"Thanks." He replied as he took a swig from his glass. He kept his glass raised, just in front of his face as he laid his left arm along the top of the railing and tucked his hand in front of his elbow, where it rested on the rail... right near my arm.

I didn't give his movement a seconds thought, well that was until I felt the backs of his knuckles as they brushed oh so lightly against the back of my arm. It was so light, so glancing, that I wasn't sure if he'd done it on purpose or by accident. I swallowed again, my heart thudding in my chest as I felt excitement swell in me. Instantly I felt that pulse centre between my thighs and this time, I did squeeze my legs together to counteract the ache, the action hidden by the fall of my dress.

He used two fingers, and his touch was so light I felt my body tingle all over. He flicked a look over his shoulder, blocking the view of his hand from the rear. And when I felt his fingers stroke back up my arm, there could be no mistaking his intent. I shivered.

He turned back towards me, using that movement to bring his head closer to my shoulder and as he shifted I felt his warm breath sear across my skin before I heard him inhale deeply. He kept turning, dropping his hands away from me before straightening up, until he stood with his back to me.

He scanned the crowd for a short time before leaning his hips back against the gazebo railing and casually crossed his legs as he dropped his gaze to stare into his glass held before him. "Enjoying the night so far Charlie Bird?" He asked softly, his voice only the tiniest bit strained.

"For the most part." I told him just as softly, breathlessly, as I resolutely stared at the band. In my peripheral I saw him nod. "I'm glad you came over when you did though."

He "hmmmed" ambiguously as his head came up and he took another drink.

"How's your night been? Not too bad I hope." I asked recalling his words from the other day.

He casually dropped his left elbow down on the rail, which skewed his body towards me. Now when he spoke, he tilted his head a little as he turned it to face me, which brought it close enough I could feel his breath on my shoulder.

He snorted derisively and when he spoke his sarcasm was rich. "It's going great. Guess we're in the

same boat there huh?”

“The Family giving you a hard time?” I queried sympathetically, trying to remain calm.

“Nothing I can’t handle.” He answered wearily then added. “Although my tongue’s sore from all the times I’ve had to bite it.”

I huffed through my nose, “Awww diddums! Want me to kiss it better for you?” I told him in my bitchy, ‘toughen up princess’ voice I used with my friends when they were complaining about something silly. Not that Uncle Joe’s situation was silly, but it was almost an automated response, hardwired into my teenage makeup and meant to make fun of the person... and I realised it was totally inappropriate as soon as I’d said it.

I blushed so hard I wanted to die. I swallowed and stammered out an apology. “Sorry! ... I ... sorry I ... didn’t mean it like that.” I turned my head away from him in embarrassment.

Uncle Joe’s chuckle sounded slightly awkward though forgiving. “It’s okay I get it. I should stop acting like a little bitch and man up huh?”

I looked back at him and pulled an apologetic face. “Sorry.”

“Forget about it.” Uncle Joe told me with a wink and a half smile that set my heart fluttering again. “I should have come and found you earlier. My night might have been a hell of a lot better if I had.”

His words had been soft and I didn’t want to read too much into them, but I was sure there was more meaning behind them than the obvious. I grew quiet as I looked at him, my breath quickening fractionally as he stared back, his eyes sparkling, teasing.

I shivered and looked away again, my nipples aching and pulling tight against the silk of my bodice. I shifted slightly, simply changing the leg I placed my weight on, and felt my shoulder and arm come into contact with Uncle Joe’s. I chewed on my bottom lip nervously, my tongue licking at it inside my mouth as I wondered what would happen next.

The silence between us was almost deafening. I picked at my cuticles nervously as I tried to keep my gaze centred on the quartet and not Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe on the other hand made it look way too easy. He was scanning the crowd, and looked as though he didn’t have a care in the world. Perhaps it was just me, perhaps I was reading too much into his light caress and soft words, the look in his eyes.

My stomach was still churning, my pulse was erratic and it felt like I was being scalded where Uncle Joe's shoulder touched mine. I could feel a warm flush travelling across my entire body as everything kind of ganged up on me again. His appearance, his chivalry, his aftershave, God but most of all; just his presence and that light touch of his shoulder against mine... it was so hot, exciting, intoxicating.

My whole body throbbed with need, so intense that I felt sick with nerves again. I needed to break the silence that had gathered around us, before I passed out from sheer longing and holding my breath.

The tension between us was palpable, well at least it was to me, and all it did was make me think of sex. Which in turn got me thinking about how this whole incident started, right here, in this very gazebo.

The image of Uncle Joe's hand, lazily stroking along his large, hard cock suddenly filled my mind, and I could almost see his ghostly image superimposed over the area where the small orchestral quartet sat. I clenched my jaw tight as I just managed to cut off the small whine of sexual longing at the back of my throat.

I felt the muscles of Uncle Joe's arm bunch tight against my arm. Oh God, he'd heard it. I glanced his way and saw his jaw muscles knot as the chord in his neck snapped taut. Was he thinking about that too? Was he remembering what I'd seen him doing out here? That in turn made my mind jump to my bedroom, his arms around me, his hands over my face, smelling of the very cock I was picturing in my mind not a second ago. Sitting in his lap; feeling that cock under me, swelling, filling with blood and lust because of me. Was he thinking of that, remembering? Another small whine escaped me and I think I heard a low growl issue from Uncle Joe as his head flicked sideways and our eyes met once more.

My knees turned to water! I saw raw lust in his green eyes, a hard edge to his look that said he wanted nothing more than to tear my clothes off and eat me alive right then! I could hear his breathing, heavy and fast, just like mine, excited, aching... I swallowed.

Oh God, my brain just would not switch off. Images and sensations flooded in on me as we stared at each other. I remembered so vividly the feel of his body pressed against mine, his hot breath in my ear, his soft words. His groan as I rolled my pussy against him. The way his arms felt pressed against my breasts, his lips against my ear, what his skin tasted like when I'd licked his hand.

My poor little pussy was aching so badly by now my panties were saturated. The throb was hot and demanding and even squeezing my thighs hard together wasn't helping any more. All I could think about was Uncle Joe and how much I wanted him; and if given half the chance I would beg him to fuck me and take my virginity. I wanted him so badly my body was physically leaning toward him

without my consent, our faces so close together.

Oh man, it was all too much, too much! I could feel my heart thudding and my breathing was shallow. I had to pull myself into line before I had another attack. Or before I did something stupid and made it worse.

I tore my eyes away, took a deep breath and stood up straight, breaking the contact between us. I felt my whole body give a shudder as I came out of the spell and took another tiny step away from Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe did the same, standing straight and taking a deep breath before he threw back the last of his drink. I watched him give his head a little shake as if to clear it and then without looking at me said roughly, "I need another drink."

I said nothing as he moved off quickly, disappearing from my sight as he rounded the shrubbery. I shivered again and pulled myself together before I too left the gazebo and the memories behind.

I didn't see Uncle Joe again after that.

I spent that last hour of the evening saying good bye to some of Daddy's friends. Friends he wanted me to meet due to them being on the Board at the college I wanted to attend. When I could finally politely excuse myself from that duty, I said good night and vanished into my room.

I locked the door. I wanted to be alone. I wanted... well I really didn't know what I wanted just then. I was confused and agitated. My stomach was still fluttery and my emotions jumbled. I couldn't quite wrap my head around wanting my Uncle Joe the way I did. But I couldn't deny that's what my body wanted. Every time I thought of him I would feel that tingle in my clit and my nipples would pull tight. I was walking a tightrope of arousal and I was close to falling off.

I needed to take my mind off of Joe. I needed a distraction. I sat down at the computer. I didn't really think it was that wise to be surfing porn so soon after he'd fixed my system, but – we do what we must to get by. And to get by, I really needed to get off.

To my thinking, if I could alleviate this ache in me, this sexual arousal, then perhaps I could finally put all this business behind me. Perhaps.

The desktop came up and on it was a notification that I had new mail. I figured while I was here I may as well check emails first, who knew maybe that would take my mind off things. Who knew... maybe I would be wrong!?

As I opened my emails, my heart gave a little lurch as the first thing I noted was the name 'J.P.

Gregory' in my inbox. It had come through forty-one minutes ago and was at the top of the list to be read.

I took a deep breath as I felt my stomach churn. I was too frightened to open it. What if it was a scathing rebuff, a note to say it was nothing, that I was playing a stupid game and shouldn't be thinking such things, that I needed to grow up and stop imagining things that didn't exist?

But what's worse... what if it *wasn't*? What was I supposed to do then? Or what if I was just over thinking it *ALL* and it was nothing more than some humorous LOLCAT forward that he thought I might appreciate? I just didn't know... but deep down I suspected it was something a little more serious than a 'haz cheeseburgers'...

I swallowed, staring at the email like it was some kind of monster, some worded, angry monster that was going to jump up and destroy me. I left it unopened. I shut down the browser and pushed back from the desk. I paced about the room, all the while worriedly wringing my hands. I was torn. What was I supposed to do?

I kicked off my shoes as I padded back and forth across the floor, nervously chewing on a fingernail. The fact of the matter came down to this – did I really want to know either way what Joe thought about everything that was happening? I stopped pacing and thought about it. Did I *really* want to know? The answer was: Yes.

I came back to the computer and sank into my chair. Bringing up the email program I opened my inbox. There it sat, the most important email I'd ever had in my young life; staring at me, egging me to open it and find out what it said.

Temptation or Devastation?

I took a deep breath, my palms sweaty as I grasped the mouse. I swallowed and quickly clicked on Uncle Joe's name before I could second guess myself again.

The email opened up and I closed my eyes for a moment, gathering myself. With a sense of excited dread in the pit of my stomach, I opened my eyes and read:

Charlie Bird...

God how do I find the words!? How do I start this right? How do I put this in a way that will not only explain things properly but also not scare you? How do I put this, so as not to sound like some sick prick, some lecherous fool with eyes on a prize that he shouldn't *even* be looking at? How do I tell

you... ask you... if *you* know... if you have *any* idea what it is you're doing to me?

Oh God, I thought, *that means he feels the same as me right?*

Yesterday... When you caught me beside the pool, I was so embarrassed I could've died – you seeing what you did of me, seeing me exposed like that, in both senses; it was not something I am proud of. I was scared too, scared that you would use that against me, you could have you know? I half expected it; it's what our family does best. But I was surprised, maybe suspiciously so that all you wanted from me was my promise not to do it again while I was here. I admit I didn't really believe you. I thought you were joking.

And yet you were so cool about everything and I mean *everything*; brushed it aside like it was nothing out of the ordinary, didn't hold it against me like so many others would. Hell afterwards you even offered to make me a sandwich! Though I knew you were being sarcastic. That made me think, you know, like you weren't cut from the same cloth as the rest of the family. That maybe you were a little like me.

But then you asked what you did... and again I admit that I was wrong to jump on you about it; when you asked me to look at your computer. I've grown so used to family saying one thing and meaning another, or flat out blackmailing favours out of me, that when you asked, I assumed you were only doing it because you had something on me. I never once thought that it was just you asking me for a simple favour, no ulterior motives involved.

You know, when you got pissed at me for being such an ass, told me to forget about it, that you'd take it to a tech, well I realised you were telling the truth. And I felt like a total prick.

Please believe me when I say that I only ever came up to your room to apologise. I knocked – twice. I know you think I'm lying about that, but it's the truth. I never ever planned or *even thought* that I might walk in on you, well... naked. (though if I'm honest, I can't say that I'm sorry I did.)

When you opened that door again and found me outside in the hall? I'd been standing there trying to talk myself out of turning around and going right back into your room. I was telling myself that I needed to keep walking. But I couldn't move. I couldn't make myself leave. I wanted to turn around and go back into your room so badly. I'd like to think that it was because of the dope, that all these confusing needs and urges I was feeling was because I was on a high.

But I know that wasn't – isn't – the case. The truth is, I've been having a hard time being around you since I arrived. And then, well... you opened your door and *let* me back in? You have no idea what went through my mind at that moment.

Do you know how hard it was for me to concentrate on what I was doing on your computer? That I managed to find the source of the virus that soon was a wonder. All I could see was you dancing, stripping out of your swimsuit, kicking it away, you turning around! God it was on a loop in my head, burned into my brain, and I was having a hard time trying not to get hard. My heart was racing, and all I could think about was your naked body and how much I wanted to lay you out on your bed that was right there and ... well anyway.

Then when I found the porn links? I couldn't believe my luck and it just seemed like a great way to mess with you, to get you worked up, get you close to me, I knew you'd try and stop me. I saw you sitting there in the window, the sunlight falling over you, and I couldn't resist, I wanted you near me so much.

I'm sorry I did that though. I never expected you to react the way you did. And I still feel horrible that I upset you so badly. But then when you were in my lap, and I had my arms around you. I had to fight the urge to do more to you than simply hold you. Then that moment when you leant forward into my hands and licked my palms!

Sweet Jesus Charlie, you have no idea how much that turned me on, how close I was to losing control with you. I could have so easily taken advantage of you then, so easily. I wanted too. But somehow I managed to keep it together and got the hell out of there as fast as I could before I did something we'd both regret.

But do you know? It's getting harder and harder to fight it. My every waking moment since then is spent thinking of you, and when I close my eyes, when I sleep; you plague my dreams Charlie.

I avoided you all night because I knew I would have trouble keeping my hands to myself.

Then in the gazebo, I could have killed TJ, literally strangled him with my bare hands, when I saw what he did to you. I was so close to kicking his arse regardless of it being a wasted lesson. But I didn't want to leave you once I was near you. You were a vision, I'd been watching you all night and now that you were so close, I couldn't resist, I just had to touch you. Your skin against my arm; fuck it was like fire, and your smell, Jesus I couldn't think straight!

Standing there back to back with you, I was trying to keep it together, trying to play it cool, just talking. Then when you whimpered in my ear! Holy *fuck* you can't even begin to imagine the astronomical amount of will power I had to employ to stop myself from grabbing you right there and doing something terrible.

I wanted to grab you, pull you against my body; bury my face in your hair! I wanted to feel your skin against mine, to hold you, mould you into me; I wanted to lose myself in your scent! The urge was so powerful; so overwhelming!

I'm just grateful *you* had the strength to move away because I didn't. Believe me if you hadn't of moved away right when you did, I would have done something unforgivable to you right there under the gazebo, in front of everyone.

I know you feel the same Charlie Bird. Or at least I know you feel something along the same lines – I hope I'm not misreading everything that seems to have developed between us since yesterday? I know it's crazy, mad, *God*, insanely scary. But I just wanted you to know that if you do feel it, you aren't alone in this.

I know it's wrong. Believe me I know, but God help me Charlie Bird, I can't stop it. I can't stop wanting you. It's like a physical ache in me and it's doing my head in.

I know I'm taking a risk telling you this. Taking a huge risk putting this down on 'paper' and I'm placing a great deal of trust in you. I just hope I haven't misjudged you and that you're not like the rest of the family who would delight in cutting out my heart if they ever knew I felt this... if they so much as *suspected* that I felt even half of what I feel.

I realise this is a lot to take in, and the only reason I have been able to write any of this is because I'm half toasted – toasted not baked – I promised. I only hope that you can keep this secret too, for my sake?

I'm seeing if I can get my flights bumped forward, ready to leave as soon as I can, I have to escape. Because I know if I don't, I'm not going to be able to stop myself the next time I'm near you. I don't expect you to reply, I don't truly expect anything from you. I just needed you to know, needed you to understand, why I have to keep my distance.

I hope you understand!?

Joe.

I sat back stunned. I had never read anything quite so... open. He was right, he was taking a huge risk, but he hadn't misjudged me. I'd keep his secret all right. I'd keep it because it was mine too. Now that only left the problem of, what was I going to do?

Well first things first. I forwarded the email to a generic online account I had for private things, and

then deleted the original from my hard drive before shutting down my computer. There was no way I was surfing porn after reading that. It just didn't seem right somehow.

I leant back in my chair, thinking. I knew what I wanted to do, but could I do it? Hell *should* I do it? It was wrong on so many levels. He was my father's younger brother for crying out loud, a blood relative, but when it came right down to it, I wanted it just as badly... wanted him just as badly.

Uncle Joe wasn't the only one having troubles keeping their hands to themselves. If I'd have known, suspected even half of what was going through his head at the time, I would have caved in and let him do it regardless of whether there was family about or not. Or I would have. I know I sound very blasé about it, but it's true, the urge was so great I wouldn't have cared who saw us *at the time*. Afterward though? Well that's another matter all together.

I was chewing on my thumbnail, effectively trying to talk myself out doing something irrevocably stupid. I knew if I went to him, if I opened that door, well it wasn't one that could be closed again. He hadn't asked me too, he'd made it quite clear that he was trying to stay away. That he didn't expect anything from me, that he was pushing his flights forward to leave as soon as possible because it was getting to hard to keep himself in check.

What I contemplated then, was this: Did I want him to leave without truly knowing? Did I want him to leave without being able to see what was between us? If anything at all *would* happen between us?

Sitting there, nervously chewing on my nail, I realised that the answer was: No. No way. I wanted that experience, as my young body kept attesting to the fact, even if it was *wrong*.

I was still on tenterhooks, my body highly strung, senses thrumming, aching and in need of release. I wanted that release. And what's more, I wanted Uncle Joe to give it to me. I'd never imagined that potentially my first time would turn out to be such a bizarre situation.

Once I made my decision and accepted it, I immediately felt better. Although I was still incredibly excited with just that touch of 'slightly ill' added to the mix. I didn't bother to think about it more than that. I knew if I over-thought it I would never be able to go through with it.

I looked at the clock. Twenty or so minutes had passed since I first discovered the email. It had been sent, forty-one minutes prior to me finding it, that meant about an hour had passed since he sent it. Allow twenty to thirty minutes to write it and that made it about eleven thirty when he wrote and sent it, so not much longer after he left me at the gazebo.

It was now twelve minutes past one in the morning. I wondered if he would even still be awake, being

half toasted and all? However, I'd made my decision.

Grabbing my house key, I left my room.

The house was quiet and the side entrance was dark as I slipped out of it, barefoot. I stopped. Listening for anything that might give me away, I was about to go on, when I froze. I heard a giggle coming from the bushes in the darkened corner close by. I closed the door as quietly as I could; praying that whoever was in the bushes would be too preoccupied to worry about me.

I didn't hang around for the show. I moved on.

I made it to the guest house without incident and I hoped to God, without witnesses. As far as I knew all the family had left, all the guests had left. There were only a few stragglers remaining, mainly the hired staff still here cleaning, and I figured they'd probably seen so many clandestine meetings that it hardly registered anymore.

The guest house was to the rear of the property, a small line of trees blocking the view of it from the main house. I was secure in the knowledge that no one from the house would see me as I neared the door, though I made sure to stay to the shadows.

Once near the guest house, there was a small patio with a privacy screen that shielded most of the front of it from prying eyes. I breathed a sigh of relief as I made it behind that screen. If I had been seen, then hopefully I would be mistaken for one of the wait staff sneaking to an assignation with one of the upper crust family members.

For a long time; I stood in front of the door and debated the merits of knocking. The guest house was dark. I could see that the curtains had been pulled tight, but there was no tell tale gleam of light that suggested Uncle Joe might be awake. I listened intently for any noise that meant Uncle Joe was still up and moving around. I couldn't hear a thing.

Still, I'd come this far, was I really going to walk away now because he *might* have been asleep? No.

I took a deep steadying breath. I couldn't believe I was about to do this. I raised my hand and knocked lightly; three short, soft raps. I daren't knock any louder. I just hoped it was loud enough to rouse him if he'd fallen asleep.

I could barely contain my nerves. I held my breath and strained my ears; hoping against hope that he had heard. I waited, the seconds ticking past like hours, and then...